

1 + 1 by LazyBaker

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Summary:

Billy hates to prove Neil right.

Author's Note:

- For [Awrble](#).

****IMPORTANT**** Please read the tags!!! Thank you!

Billy likes to confess shit.

I used to jerk off to Marcie getting an axe to her face.

He gets his head knocked in by the cherry desk and Mr. Harrington's dick rammed hard enough inside of him to tickle his throat, ignoring what Billy spouts, too wrapped up in the fantasy he's building clouding his eyes and clogging his ears to hear Billy's chit-chat.

Billy blinks away stars and Neptune. Skull cracked wide open with splinters under his nails.

He spots him then.

Through the slats in the closet. Big brown eyes always had a habit of catching the light.

Steve.

It's a thrill. The special kind that wakes Billy up, shoves him into the present to feel the weight of the molecules in the air and the harsh claiming grip of fifty year old hands holding him just behind his knees to keep his legs up, spread wide, open to sully and no say to move an inch without permission.

His calves burn. His cock's dripping a Minnesota size lake on his navel.

Billy admits the worst of his shit staring up at the stucco ceiling, the family portraits, the upholstered vinyl in a car, the bark on a pine tree while his palms get scratched to hell and sticky with sap.

Fucked a guy once and couldn't even tell if he was inside him or not. Could get hard at anything. Liked it most that the fatass was desperate. Whispered he stole his step-sister's skateboard and threw it off the pier *just because*. Lied and listened to her cry about it for a week afterwards.

Likes to say shit when he's bored and has a couple of deaf ears to play confessional with. Better than a priest with a stuffy hot box who doesn't live up to all the dirty mag gospels Billy lives by.

I blew my teacher and still got an F.

I used to put on my ma's lipstick and sniff my daddy's dirty workshirt.

Had to go to Sunday mass and I'd dream about being a choir boy so the priest would pay attention to me.

I stole a bible and used it as a cum rag.

Every guy would blow him off. Keep on plowing the fields between Billy's thighs. Billy, though, would come a little harder, fill himself with molten heat that lingers, drag himself out of his head and speak it out into the world and become real.

Mr. Harrington bends him in half. Hot breath on the side of Billy's face. An old fag wearing a ring with twenty years of marriage adding up to too much of a coward to kiss Billy but depraved enough to fuck Billy to his face.

My good boy, he says.

Billy feels that kick inside of him, moans for it loud.

For the guy from high school he still thinks about.

For the want to be that *good little boy* Mr. Harrington's always rattling off about.

Boy is about all he has on offer.

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Billy hates to prove Neil right.

Whorings in the blood it turns out. Moved to Hawkins as one last chance to set Billy straight or he's the state's problem for good.

Billy charges cheap since Neil would hate that even more. Can't even raise a smart queer to support himself. Billy wants to fuck more than he wants gas for his camaro or the new vinyl he's been gushing after for weeks.

Guys'll pick him up from the pool. Take him somewhere. Get him liquor. Share a smoke. Give him the whole pack if he licks his lips at the right moment.

Billy won't charge much when he's getting so much more back.

Dick's just the cherry on top.

Heather charges double. Saving for college or whatever she tells herself. Likes to fuck and won't admit it. Prissy. Midwestern prude caring about what she can tell her husband in twenty years without getting labelled with the red A and slapped with a messy divorce.

Billy can't be like that.

He offers it up close to nothing. *A hole's a hole*. It's a simple equation for any backwater bumpkin to pry open their wallet and unbuckle.

1 + 1 = cocksucking at its finest, right to your doorstep straight from the golden state of democrats and fudge-packers.

Billy starts pinching at his own nipples.

Throws his head back.

Wants to stretch out and show what Steve could have if he just gave Billy the nod, the go ahead all those times in the locker room back in school. He's easy. Wouldn't even have to pay. Billy's asking for it. Tries to say it already stuffed full.

Take me already, asshole.

Billy thinks on what he could say. What would get him the worst reaction.

Mr. Harrington pushes up his glasses, dark hair falling over his eyes. Sweat on his brow. Grunts deep. The guy's handsome enough. Graying in the corners. Looks close to Steve if Billy's generous and squints.

Billy likes that he's clean. Shaves. Owns *suits* and knows which buttons to do up. Wears cologne and smells like he has a retirement fund and knows what the hell the stock market does.

Under his hands, in the nicest house Billy's stepped foot in, in the nicest neighborhood Billy hasn't spent his summer vandalizing when he's bored and pissed off, Billy imagines he's some dainty small thing in a sundress with glossy painted grown-long nails and red slicked lips and curlers in his hair he'd be caught dead in with a body he could get knocked up with by a strong breeze through the middle school.

Gets shivers at the idea of wearing a ring and preparing a Sunday brunch. Wants to clack his prim white kitten heels together behind his husband's back and think up awful baby name's.

"Your son has a bigger dick than you." Billy says to his one and only in the closet, imagines pretty boy Steve stripping his prick raw to the sight of him getting splinters on his back. Hopes he is. Would die if he isn't. "I pretend it's him fucking me instead of you, *sir*."

It makes Mr. Harrington buck his hips harder, his balls slapping imprints on Billy's ass, pushes Billy to grip the top of the desk above his head to hold on. Maybe his ears aren't as blind as the rest of him.

"Nasty fucker." Billy spits out, thawed and warm and about to melt into the grain.

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Mr. Harrington pulls out and Billy curses, wants to get fucked in full view till the end, but *daddy's* in the chair and that means *the good boy's* on his knees getting rug burn and a mouthful.

Mr. Harrington gives him extra. No condoms. No fist names. He's *Mr. Harrington*. Sir. Daddy. And Billy's either *good boy* or *bad boy*.

The difference is subjective.

Like trying to figure out all the metaphors and allegories in *Hamlet* for lit class. Billy's skipping. He's just here for the rolled up cash and the promise to never make eye contact outside of his BMW or this office.

Billy doesn't want the attention. He wants to light the match and burn the house down.

Billy pulls back his hair, licks his lips for Steve, grins for Steve, licks a fat line up Mr. Harrington's cock for Steve, flicks his tongue under foreskin and tastes a day's worth of work in July for Steve, takes Steve's daddy's cock down to the root and chokes on him for Steve. Arches his back. Points his beaten, fucked-raw red ass at the closet and crosses his fingers to shove his way into a fling or a full blown brawl.

Mr. Harrington pulses, stretches Billy's lips to their limit and fills Billy's mouth. He goes to clean up and avoid any talk and Billy pulls on his swim trunks. Still hard and left wanting for that reaction. Pats at his pocket to make sure the cash is there. Excitement thrums in his

chest.

Billy stands in front of the closet and looks *his* Harrington in the eye. Waits. Lets him sweat. Pushes himself to have a little restraint, to curb his tongue and let the moment sink in.

I fucked your daddy, Billy thinks, gleeful. He puts his lifeguard whistle back on around his neck and blows on it low.

Steve opens the closet with a bang, the wood cracks. Billy wants to dance, bang his head and call out to every man he's ever ridden that they were just practice for the big race—nothing in comparison to *him*.

Steve's face is red. Jeans tented. Belt hanging loose. Button undone. A bottle of whiskey sitting at his feet—the culprit for this happenstance. Shame rages out of him as his mouth flaps open to tell Billy to *fuck off* or name him for what he is, *sick homo*.

“What the hell, Hargrove?” Steve says instead, voice quiet and raspy. Scared to be heard outside of the room—it runs in their blood.

Barefoot on the wooden floors, Billy tucks his hand behind Steve's neck and pulls himself over. Slams their lips together and takes advantage of Steve's shock to slip him some tongue and share the fatherly salt with the son Billy wants to fry himself on.

Steve bites Billy's lip, shoves him away. Harpoons himself out of the tight closet he'd hidden in to the door, witless and shaking and just as hard as Billy with no where to hide it, but in the stiff line of his denim.

Billy touches his bleeding lip. Licks at it.

Admitting it doesn't come easy. Confession's prickly when it's new. Only so many Hail Marys a boy can make before he's rubbed those rosaries to rubble.

“Come by the pool sometime.” Billy says with a mouthful of copper and a body full of so much love. “I'll give you a family discount.”

Author's Note:

new --> [tumblr](#)